Go tell false *Edward* thy supposed king,
That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuill it with him and his new bride.
Edw. *Is Lewis* so braue, belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what said Lady *Bona* to these wrongs?
Mes. Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a widdower shortly, *Ile* weare the willow garland for his sake.
Edw. She had the wrong, indeed she could saie
Little lesse. But what saide *Henries* Queene, for as
I heare, she was then in place?
Mes. Tell him quoth shee my mourning weeds be
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.
Edw. Then belike she meanes to plaie the *Amazon*.
But what said *Warwike* to these iniuries?
Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him ere't be long.
Ed. Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proude words?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.
But what is *Warwike* friendes with *Margaret*?
Mes. *I* my good Lord, theare so linkt in friendship,
That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwikes* daughter.
Cla. The elder, belike *Clarence* shall haue the
Yonger. All you that loue me and *Warwike*
Follow me. *Exit Clarence* and *Somerset*.
Edw. *Clarence* and *Somerset* fled to *Warwike*.
What saie you brother *Richard*, will you stand to vs?
Glo. *I* my Lord, in despight of all that shall
Withstand you. For why hath Nature
Made me halt downe right, but that I
Should be valiant and stand to it, for if

I would, *I* cannot runne awaie.
Edw. *Penbrooke*, go raise an armie presentlie,
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meet proud *Warwike* ere he land
Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.
But ere I goe *Montague* and *Hastings*,
You of all the rest are neerest allied
In bloud to *Warwike*, therefore tell me, if
You fauour him more then me or not:
Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open
Enemies, then hollow friends.
Monta. So God helpe *Montague* as he proues true.
Hast. And *Hastings* as hee fauours *Edwards* cause.
Edw. It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Warwike* and *Oxford*, with souldiers.
War. Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,
But see where *Sommerset* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake suddenlie my Lords, are we all friends?
Cla. Feare not that my Lord.
War. Then gentle *Clarence* welcome vnto *Warwike*.
And welcome *Somerset*, I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart,
Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue,
Else might I thinke that *Clarence Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome sweet *Clarence* my daughter shal be thine.
And now what rests but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carelesse encampt,

His